IN A TOWN OF ALIENS.

AMERICAN SOIL, BUT LARGELY CONTROLLED BY BRITISH CAPITAL.

An Experience In the Upper Michigan Peninsula—Dragooned by a Motley Crowd. A Half Way Unknown Region of the Union—A Traveler's Tale.

[Special Correspondence.]

ESCANABA, Mich., Sept. 12.—"A strange town and a strange people," I thought to myself just after stepping off the cars, and looking round me from my coign of vantage on the depot platform. Coming from an older civilization and seeing only new houses, many of them built in odious and too ornate taste; many of them aping—at a distance—all kinds and classes of foreign architecture; many of them mongrel of design and rude of finish, it was only natural I should think it a strange town. Finding

A DOCK WALLOPER.

myself surrounded by a jabbering crowd of aliens, with only here and there an American, it was only natural I should think the people strange.

Elbowing my way through the motley mob of miners, lumbermen, dock wallopers and human drift in general, my quick gait soon brought me into the center of the community—of the Sandy City, as its rivals call it—of the Iron Capital of the Upper Peninsula, as it revels in calling itself.

A lively town of 8,000 people is Escanaba, and one possessed of a lovely situation withal. It stands on a long, narrow, picturesque spur of sand that runs far out into Little Bay de Noque, an arm of Lake Michigan. Back of it—back of the blue, bold billows that beat and break on the sides of it—is an interminable forest of immortal pines.

A new town is Escanaba, as I have said—a very new town, and yet it has the largest iron ore shipping docks in the world and does a larger shipment in that staple of commerce than any other port on the great lakes. It has gathered together in consequence a queerer combination of cosmopolites than any other place of its size on our planet.

I walked down to the docks. A storm had just passed, winding up with a waterspout that swayed and swung between the waves and the wandering clouds. The sky had cleared to a crimson crystal, and the roses nodded and dragged themselves in the August grass as I went my way between the brave green lawns on either hand.

Suddenly, sharply, as it seemed to me, the street made a trend, and straight before me stretched the dark, sullen, noisy docks sharp silhouetted against the savage scarlet of the sundown sky. The smoke, rattle and din in their vicinity contrasted strangely with the peaceful picture beyond—the picture of great ships going out and away—out and away until they sank in silence below the radiant rim of the hectic horizon.

"'Ello, pard!" cried a great beefy brute, coming toward me. "Hit's a 'ard time we're a-'awvin. Cawn't ye set up an arf an arf?"

"What is an arf an arf?" I queried sharply.

"Now, listen to that, lads, will ye? Well, he'll dawnce to our music 'fore he's out o' this, unless he let's us 'awve a drink," and he laughed a low, brutal laugh that made me shudder and look round for a possible policeman.

By this time they were three to my one, so, being unarmed, I surrendered with all possible good grace. I followed them into a dirty little dive, where a parcel of fly freckled bottles stood behind a counter, presided over by a ferocious female, who seemed more fly freckled than the bottles themselves. Before I could arraign them before her bar their number had been swollen to at least a dozen—no two of the dock wallopers being of the same nationality.

I stood treat for the whole grisly gang perforce, and it was wonderful to witness the variety of the insane intoxicants for which they called. The Englishman wanted his arf an arf, the Frenchman his wine, the German his lager, the Scandinavian his alcohol, the American his whisky and so on, on and on to the end of the serio-comedy and the bottom of my purse, when I managed to make my escape.

I went back to the hotel where I left my valise. "Well, I must say you got off mighty slick," said my jolly old Yankee landlord, to whom I casually related my adventure. "Them blamed dock wallopers—I mean the kind you met—usually hold a fellar up fer his coat an hat before they let up on him."

"Where's your police?"

"Police be hanged! We hain't got none down there'll tackle one of them air chaps. It'd spile his 'pull,' an a police thet'd spile his 'pull' here'bouts is looked upon ez a dumfule on gineral principles."

So, being a tenderfoot, I thought it better to change the subject.

"How is the iron business?" I asked.

"Good and bad."

"Money made at it?"

"Yes and no. It's all a matter of luck. Now there's my friend S——," naming a prominent citizen whom I hardly think I have a right to designate by more than the initial of his last name here. "There's my friend S——, who was a big, stupid larky. Jest 'bout made both ends meet at the shank o' the year. He had a customer who was owin him $20. Finally S—— said he must have his money. 'Can't pay it,' said the dead broke man, 'but I'll tell ye what I'll do. I hev a title deed to a 10 acre patch o' ground out'n the Vermilion range, an if ye'll call it squar' I'll histe it over to you.'

"'An what could I do with a pile o' dornick out'n the Vermilion range?' queried S——. 'You can't raise enough grass on 10 acres of it to feed five sickly keows.'

"'That's all I kin do then,' said the debtor, turning slowly away.

"'Kim back here,' ordered S——. 'A half a cheese is better'n no condensed milk. I'll take yer plaguoned ol lan. Whar's yer title deed?'

"'Here it is,' said the man meekly, 'an I think ye oughter throw in a drink 'fore the transfer be made.'

"'Waal, b' gosh! If thar isn't gorgeous gall! It's wuth a drink to see it. Here's yer bottle. Help yerse'f, an never let me see yer face ag'in,' said S—— through set teeth.

"The transfer of the deed was duly made. S—— filed it with his other papers, and from day to day, from week to week, from month to month, he tried to sell it for $20 at first, then for $15, $10, $5, but nobody wanted it, nor would take it. At last he was strapped. He wanted money. He offered the deed for a dollar. No bidder, mister—nary a bidder.

"I s'pose he was a-thinkin how it 'd feel to drown in the lake when he kim across a paper, sayin as how some prospectors on the Vermilion range hed struck one o' the best iron veins in the hull country. The location was near his own. He went to a friend o' his'n, borrowed $50, an went prospectin on his own hook. Before the end o' the week he found that his 10 acres kivered one o' the richest iron mines in the northwest. He made the fac' known to a few British capitalists, an blame me if they didn't offer him $1,000,000 for the land on the spot, with a fourth part o' the income to clinch the bargain. An, b'gosh, thar he goes now!"

I looked out of the window and saw a big, uncouth fellow waddle by, dressed in fine but unfitting clothes, with a diamond in his scarf as big as the egg of a canary.

"Now, that chap," continued my loquacious friend, "kin hardly read or write, but we've nomynated him fer congress. The deestrick is strongly ag'in our party, but we 'spect ter pull him through."

They didn't "pull him through," but they came so near it that it was a close question for several days whether he was elected or not.

Fortunes are even more suddenly made and lost in the upper peninsula than in Wall street, as I found by my later visits to Iron Mountain, Crystal Falls, Ishpeming and other points in the wild, dismal, half way unknown region of the Union—a region mainly controlled by British capital—a region that has hardly a thing in common with the distinctive march forward of American ideas.

It is a duty we owe to our money and muscle to conquer and control it, or a few years hence it will be in utterly foreign hands.

KENNETH LAMAR.

GAMBLING AT FAIRS.

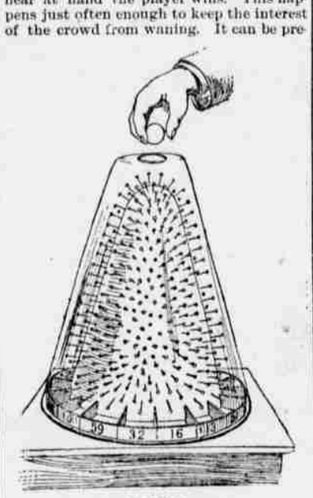
Will the People Ever Learn to Beware of "the Other Man's Game?"

[Special Correspondence.]

BUFFALO, Sept. 11.—The county fair season is now at flood tide, and the harvest of the traveling gambler is at its height. The said harvest is a particularly easy one, too, for it is mostly gathered through the agency of some modification of the wheel of fortune device so familiar at fairs.

One of the surest devices for winning dollars from the pockets of the unwary is known as the beehive, and this but a form of the wheel of fortune. It is known as the "haphazard" or "beehive," and consists of an inner and outer cone, the latter of glass, placed upon a heavy circular piece of wood, around the rim of which are 32 numbered compartments separated by thin metal plates. The inner cone is studded with nails driven rather close together and projecting just about far enough to touch the outer one.

The game consists of dropping a marble through an aperture in the top of the outer cone. The little ball pursues a devious way to the bottom, zigzagging along between the nails. The compartments are numbered, and if the marble falls into one corresponding with the number on any of the prizes that are seductively displayed near at hand the player wins. This happens just often enough to keep the interest of the crowd from waning. It can be prevented at will by the operator, for at the base of the inner cone are pegs which by an almost imperceptible movement of the cone can be made to stand exactly over the winning compartments. A skillful beehive operator told me once that his winnings had run as high as $1,000 a week with one of these contrivances.



THE BEE.

In some of the larger cities of this state it has been the custom of the authorities to allow all sorts of games to run "wide open" during fair week and race week. Keno is always among the games regularly open in such cases. This game is simple enough to those who understand it, but is too complicated to admit of description in the space at command here. A peculiarity of its working, however, lies in the fact that even if played "square" the dealer would in time get all the money of the players, for a percentage of all the stakes goes to the house.

But that it is seldom played honestly is shown from the following, which was told to me by a young man who went broke on the Rochester races one year and was bewailing his ill luck to the keeper of a keno room.

"Come in here, Jim," said the gambler, "and peg card 47. You'll win."

The young man did as was requested, and in 10 minutes was able to call out, "Keno!" and "rake in a pot" of $37, which sum was enough to pay his way home to his father's farm and leave him a few dollars beside.

JAMES STILLSON.

New Form of Marriage Service.

A justice of the peace in Sandersville, Ga., being called upon to perform a marriage ceremony, is accused of concluding with: "By the authority vested in me as an officer of the state of Georgia, which is sometimes called the Empire State of the south; by the fields of cotton that lie spread out in snowy whiteness around us; by the howl of the coon dog and the gourdvine, whose clinging tendrils will shade the entrance to your humble dwelling place; by the red and luscious heart of the watermelon, whose sweetness fills the heart with joy; by the heavens and earth, in the presence of these witnesses, I pronounce you man and wife."

Giving an Order For Dinner.

A little common sense and a straightforward purpose will often do very well instead of "book learning" when a man finds himself in a tight place.

A member of a professional baseball club put up at a first class hotel in a city where his nine happened to be playing. It was his first season, and he was hardly accustomed to so much luxury. The bill of fare was a trouble to him, printed largely in French, as all first class bills of fare are. He studied over it for some time. Then he beckoned to the waiter.

"Got any roast beef?"

"Yes, sah. Any vegetables, sah?"

The baseball player took up the card again hopelessly. Then with a defiant air he described a half circle round his plate.

"Make it kind o' cloudy round here," he said.

And the waiter did.—Exchange.

The Size of "Fashionable" Andirons.

Andirons, says a trade journal, for country houses are now made of bright, polished brass, and the tendency is to have them of gigantic size. The bright, polished brass bears the fire well, looks honest and has returned to favor for these reasons. In places where the andiron is never intended for use they are gilded, and this cheat is on a par with the gas log—the latter in addition being a trifle unwholesome. Black irons are used with colonial mantels. Old brass and oxodized brass are passing out of date.

THE LITERARY LETTER.

Rich Rewards That Come to Men of Talent and Fame.

[Special Correspondence.]

NEW YORK, Sept. 11.—For an article comprising less than 8,000 words and published in the September number of one of the leading magazines the sum of $1,666 was paid, which is at the rate of a little over 20 cents a word, and this payment has been spoken of as one of the largest ever made for a magazine article. But there have been many cases in which editors have felt perfectly justified in paying a much higher rate than that for contributions to their magazines.

It is a tradition in Great Britain that Charles Dickens received the largest sum ever paid for a short story, having furnished Robert Bonner a good many years ago a story of some 20,000 words for which he received a check for $5,000. Mr. Dickens was amazed at what he regarded as the magnitude of Mr. Bonner's proposition, and it was regarded in literary and publishing circles in Great Britain as so extraordinary that even to this day it is one of the most interesting traditions in publishing circles. Dickens once told his nearest friend, John Forster, that if he had been paid for all his work such high rates as he received from Mr. Bonner his writings would have brought him more than half a million pounds, or $2,500,000.

It is not known exactly what the British poet Swinburne was paid for the advance copies of his latest long poem for American publication, but the report prevails in publishing circles that he received $5,000 for it. In addition to that a newspaper paid telegraphic tolls of $7,000 in order that it might secure ahead of all possible rivalry this poem for publication in New York city.

Mr. Gladstone has been paid as high a rate as $1 a word for a magazine article, he having received $2,500 for a short essay. Colonel Ingersoll has been paid nearly as large an amount as that for some of his magazine contributions, and ex-Senator Ingalls was, according to excellent information, offered $10,000 for 10 articles the length of which was to be determined by himself, the single stipulation being that the minimum number of words they were each to contain should be 1,000. Had such a rate been paid for the magazine article concerning which so much comment now prevails in literary circles, the writer would have received about $8,000 instead of $1,000.

Edward Everett, for a series of short essays published many years ago in the New York Ledger, received at the rate of $100 apiece, and as no one of them was longer than a single column of The Ledger, the rate paid to him was something like a

BRET HARTE.

dollar a line. When it is known that a rate equivalent to from 15 to 20 cents a line is considered most satisfactory by many of the most distinguished authors, and that the rate of a cent a word is regarded as tempting and remunerative employment by many other authors, it is easy to see how great Mr. Everett's earnings were in comparison to others.

Henry Ward Beecher frequently earned as much as $100 for a short article, say of 1,000 words, which required perhaps less than an hour to write, and he received in one sum $25,000 for his novel of "Norwood," then the largest sum ever paid to an American author in advance for a single story. Washington Irving made a contract with his publishers for a life of Washington, which was so remunerative that he was able to live very handsomely for the rest of his life upon the income received by the investment of that money.

Of living Americans probably Mark Twain and Bret Harte have received the largest sums for magazine contributions, excepting those occasional payments made to men who have gained great distinction in other spheres of activity than the literary. Bret Harte received, much of it in advance, $10,000 for a single short story completed in three installments, although it was expected when the contract was made that the story would be much longer than that. He has frequently received as much as $1,000 for a single short story of 4,000 or 5,000 words, and even now, when his work is not in so great demand as used to be the case, he commands a rate equivalent to about 20 cents a word.

Mark Twain two years ago entered into contract to furnish a number of letters from Europe at the rate of $1,000 a letter. There were to be not less than 12 of them, and the length of them was to be determined by himself. He also received $8,000 for the serial rights in America of a new novel which he had just written, so that his payments from this one source practically made at one time amounted to $18,000, which publishers say in proportion to the work done is the largest sum received by any professional writer for literary work.

James Redpath, who after many years of hard work with his pen—during which he published some very successful books—was fitted by his experience to speak of the possibility of large earnings, once said that it was a curious fact that with one or two exceptions in favor of those who had gained immortality by their pens the richest rewards came to men and women who had not made a profession of literature, but had taken up the pen in a desultory sort of way. These were celebrities who had gained fame and success by some extraordinary achievement in politics, war, exploration or science. Mr. Redpath added that probably the best that a literary man could hope for, all things working in his favor, was an earning capacity of from $7,000 to $8,000 a year, and he believed this sum could be secured only after many years of patient waiting and work and could only be earned for a few years when a man is in the prime of life.

E. J. EDWARDS.

The Keynote of a Structure.

Delphian asks for some information on the subject of keynotes, as he has read that a structure may be destroyed by finding its keynote. The story doubtless rests upon the following account given by Southwick: A bridge had been erected at considerable expense near Bristol, England, when a fiddler boasted that he could destroy in a week what it had taken many months to build. The people scoffed at him, but he played until he found the keynote of the keystone of the bridge, and when the latter began to quiver the people begged him to stop. It has been suggested that the destruction of the walls of Jericho may have been achieved by the Israelites having found their keynote in their daily processions around the city.—New York Ledger.

A Mistake Made by Many Mothers.

The mother who walks after her children, picking up their clothes and toys, hanging up their hats, folding their napkins and performing other little duties for them which they should attend to themselves, does them a grievous wrong, for she is sowing in their breasts the seeds of selfishness, which can never be wholly eradicated.—Housekeeper.